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By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.

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Several localities in the state were sideswiped rather disastrously by the storms of Wednesday night. But considering the numerous convulsions of nature all over this country during the past few months Kansas has been mighty fortunate. Death came to not a few in the Kansas storms, the property damage was considerable and some suffering will follow. But the whole of Kansas is unusually prosperous these days, and there will be many hands to help the storm victims. So, taken all in all, even the storm sufferers of Kansas have much for which to be thankful. Bad as it is, it isn't as bad as it would be had the storms hit communities that were burdened under the heavy hand of hard times.

In asserting that New York City has nothing on Topeka, Mr. Bascom, the city passenger agent of the Rock Island, seems to have overlooked the squalid poverty on an enormous scale that prevails in the Empire state's metropolis.

Possibly William Allen White's enthusiasm for militarism may be due to his well known tendency to stay on that side of the fence where it is possible to make the most noise.

Former President Taft announces in favor of an adequate national preparedness for defense. He differs from the extreme pacifist view of Mr. Bryan but is not willing to go as far as Colonel Roosevelt. This is probably the attitude of the great bulk of the people of the country. And at the same time many of them may well be pardoned for thinking that the "defense" plans which have been worked out by the incumbent administration overstep the desirable line and smack too much of militarism.

Prohibition may have lost in Ohio at the recent election but it is gaining good ground there nevertheless. The "wet" majority this time was only 55,412 as compared with 85,152 in 1914.

What has become of the old-fashioned school teacher who was homely? If there be any such, they must have remained away from the teachers' convention.

There is undoubtedly a large field in which to work for the war council for the Allies that is being planned by Premier Asquith for the purpose of harmonizing operations.

Germany is reported to be building Zeppelins and other monster air-craft in large numbers and with feverish haste for the purpose of making even greater air raids against London. But this is a kind of warfare that is as indefensible as was the type of submarine warfare against unarmed and unresisting passenger ships that Germany has discontinued.

With the gas supply failing when the weather becomes no more than chilly, it isn't very pleasing to contemplate what it will be when winter weather arrives. And the delay that has occurred in a final settlement of the gas rate case would seem to make it almost certain that even if a raise in rates is granted, the time will be too short in which the receivers can increase the gas supply in any material manner for the winter season. So it would appear that the Kansas gas consumers will have the state public utilities commissioners to thank or blame in some measure if the gas supply approaches an utter failure this winter.

TEACHERS' READING CIRCLE.

The greatness and future of the 50,000,000 men, women and children who live in the open country and in rural villages must have more adequate opportunity for wholesome and remunerative living than heretofore. This calls for leadership which can come to rural communities only through the highest degree of education of a cultural and practical kind. Much of this must come about by the co-operation of nation, state, and local community through all the different agencies now available. The most important and indispensable agent in the accomplishment of this task must be the rural teacher. The vital factor in education is the teacher. Without the well-educated, broad-minded, sympathetic teacher any system of education can only be a lifeless mechanism. Therefore, we must look to the country teachers and their preparation and see to it that they shall be men and women of the best native ability, the most thorough education, and the highest degree of professional knowledge and skill.

It is to assist in finding and equipping such educators that the United States bureau of education, with the assistance of a committee of the Association of State Superintendents has recently arranged the first Rural Teachers' Reading Circle, open to the teachers of every state. Thirty states, including Kansas, have already joined the circle and, no doubt, this number will be largely increased in a short time. Only teachers residing within those states which have expressed a desire to co-operate in this work will be permitted to join, and they may register at any time. The reading circle work will be without cost to the members aside from procuring the necessary books, which may be furnished from the publishers at regular retail rates, or they may be secured through local libraries or in other ways. There is no restriction as to membership, although it is highly desirable that applicants have a liberal acquaintance with the best literary works, past and present. The books to be read during the study course for the years 1915-1917 are classified under the five heads as Nonproffesional Books of Cultural Value, Educational Classics, General Principles and Methods of Eucation, Rural Education, and Rural Life Problems.

The work is intended as a two-year reading course, although it may be completed by the industrious teacher in shorter time. To those who give satisfactory evidence of having read intelligently not less than five books from each of the other four lists—17 books in all—within the two years of the time of registering will be awarded a National Rural Teachers' Reading Circle certificate, signed by the United States commissioner of education and the chief school official of the state in which the reader lives at the time when the course is completed. Teachers interested in the Reading Circle may obtain detailed information, registration blanks, etc., by addressing the commissioner of education, department of the interior, Washington, D. C.

UNIQUE GRADUATE SCHOOL.

A unique feature in higher education in the United States is the graduate school of agriculture held every second summer by the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations. It had its origin in a demand from instructors in agricultural colleges and workers in agricultural experiment stations who felt the need of reviewing and studying the more recent developments in natural, social and economic sciences applied to agriculture, as well as in the technical branches of agriculture, under the guidance and with the assistance of those able to deal efficiently with such problems. At the time the school was inaugurated there was little opportunity in the United States for advanced study in these subjects. The conditions, however, have changed and systematic graduate courses are now offered in several of the leading agricultural colleges. The need for advanced systematic courses in agricultural sciences is therefore largely provided for; however, there is need for an institution such as the Graduate School of Agriculture, which furnishes short, many-sided conferential attacks upon fundamental and special problems of agriculture by the leading specialists both in the United States and abroad. The graduate school brings together at each session from 100 to 200 men and women from the faculties of the agricultural colleges, from experiment stations, and agricultural and rural workers of various kinds, for four weeks of very serious discussion with each other and with the special lecturers on problems connected with advanced work in agriculture. It has proved to be a valuable institution for exchange of advanced thought in these fields and will probably hold its place for many years to come in spite of the addition of systematic agricultural graduate courses in regular institutions. The seventh session will be held at the Massachusetts Agricultural college from July 3 to 28, 1916. The three courses to be emphasized are: (1) Factors of growth of plants and animals; (2) Fundamental problems of intensive agriculture, including agronomy, horticulture and dairy husbandry; (3) Agricultural economics and rural sociology. This latter course is to be especially emphasized, in addition to the courses given in the graduate school are others given in the regular summer school conducted by the college.

WINTER CARE FOR ROADS.

Water, not cold, is the cause of the deterioration of roads in winter, according to the road specialists of the United States department of agriculture. Cold weather does not in itself injure roads, no matter whether they are earth, gravel, or macadam. In fact, an earth road will stand more traffic when it is solidly frozen than at any other time. Excess water, however, is always detrimental to a highway. When cold weather turns this water into ice, the damage that it does is greatly increased. Ice occupies considerably more space than the water from which it is formed, and every person who has lived in a cold climate is familiar with the powerful bursting effect of water when left to freeze in a confined vessel. The same action takes place when a wet road freezes to any considerable depth. It simply bursts, or, as we generally term it in road parlance, the road heaves. Later, when the frost leaves, the road is disintegrated and ruts badly. If this process is repeated a number of times during the winter, a gravel or macadam road may be practically destroyed, while an earth road may become entirely impassable. A dry road will not heave. Rock, gravel, sand, and even clay when perfectly dry contract slightly on freezing. In order to expand on freezing, those materials must contain or be mixed with water, and the more water they contain the greater the expansion which takes place. But so long as the road remains frozen the damage does not become apparent. Hence the frequent and erroneous idea that it is the thaw which injures the road. The injury was done when the water in the road froze and the particles of the road surface—broken stone, sand, or still finer particles of earth or clay—were pushed apart by the expanding power of the freezing water. The thaw merely allows the ice to melt and assume its original volume as water. The remedy is self-evident. Keep the water out of the road. The time to begin preventive measures is early in the fall, before the rains begin. If the road goes into the winter thoroughly dry, with the surface and drainage in good condition, the chances are extremely favorable that it will come out all right the following spring.

Journal Entries

A molehill for one man is a mountain for another.

✣ ✣ ✣

Evil is the only thing it is well to put off till tomorrow.

✣ ✣ ✣

Many of a man's annoyances are manufactured by his imagination.

✣ ✣ ✣

Any number of folk are comfortably situated on Easy street but they don't know it.

✣ ✣ ✣

You'll have a hard time collecting the living the world owes you, if you don't work for it.

The Evening Story

Shore Leave.

(By Ellis Wakeman.)

When the Reliance dropped anchor off Block Island during the maneuvers around Newport and Point Judith, Tinkingham appeared to have a settled melancholy descend on him.

"Aren't you going ashore?" he was asked, but he shook his head and stared at the treeless, golden outline of the island as if he wished he could shell it from the South Light to New Harbor.

"I was ashore here last year," he answered darkly. "There's nothing to see. Fresh water pond and summer hotels."

Yet when he was left alone he did not gaze either at the summer hotels or inland where the fresh water ponds lay with lilies dreaming on their still bosoms. Even from the deck of the battleship he could see the house. It stood in a curve of the shore line on a rise above the beach, a little white cottage all by itself. There were some fishing boats drawn up on the sand. Her father made the run out to the banks every day after sword fish and lobsters. Yearningly Tinkham gazed and gazed, wondering if she was still there, if she cared whether he was on the ship or not, if—

No, he wouldn't. There was such a thing as making a doormat of yourself for the beloved's feet to tread upon. His cheek could still recall the stinging slap she had given it. And all he had done was to flirt with her ever so little down around the old harbor docks one morning. He had gone ashore to buy some sea trinkets for Sue and Martie back home in Illinois, polished swords of the big sword fish, little round prickly sea urchins, long chains of tiny shells. They'd think they were great back in Tannersville. He knew just how the girls and his mother would show them to all the town friends and tell how Tink was sailing everywhere and seeing the world.

He hadn't told them about Deborah. That was her name. Funny, sweet little old fashioned name, he thought, Deborah Allan. She had been born right there on the island, fifteen miles out from the mainland, and to Tinkham she seemed as sweet and rare as one of her own island pond lilies the barefooted boys brought in huge baskets to sell around the hotels and docks.

All he had done that first day was to look at her and say, "Hello, sweetheart!"

And she had cuffed him soundly, her big, dark eyes ablaze with swift anger, her little hand stinging in its rebuke.

"You boys from the ships think you own the island the minute you land here," she had told him. "And we're not that sort."

She wasn't "that sort" either. A bit of "Mandalay" had always made him think of her in the long cruise later on: "I've a neater, sweeter malden in a cleaner greener land."

She had boxed his ears, but she had also all unwittingly given him a new ideal of girlhood, and in his own way he had tried to fit his standards of life to the new measure. The other boys on board had pictures of girls they knew. He had none, nothing but the memory of Deborah in her pink and white dress and white sweater, her head banded around with braids of dark hair, orderly and glossy, her firm, dimpled chin raised at him defiantly, her eyes full of condemnation and rebuke.

Somewhere he had learned that she played the organ up at little St. Ann's-by-the-Sea, and he had slipped into one of the back pews to listen to her just for one Sunday, his "neater, sweeter maiden." Also, before the ships had slipped away toward Newport, he had found a chance of meeting her father. The old man had been busy calking the seams in his sailing boat and Tinkham had spent all his morning one day helping him and telling him stories of navy. His reward had come when Deborah had come down to call her father to dinner, and they had met properly and rightly, and he had held her hand in greeting.

That was all, excepting the post cards he had dared to send her and the teakwood box and the trinkets of Mexican filigree. Yes, and his picture, just so she wouldn't forget him. He didn't need any of her. His time was up in September. If he could only be sure she was still there in the little while house on the shore road. Yet maybe she was married and maybe she was up at the island plot, whose still white stones all looked seaward. He stayed on board and hugged his memory of her, afraid to risk the truth. Then Grinman came back and told him, big Grinman of the gunners mess.

"She's still here, Tink," he said excitedly. "Seen her today myself. She's all alone up there. Lost her father in the March blows."

"Dead?" asked Tinkham.

"Sure. She's all alone, I'm telling you. Thought you'd like to know."

"Thanks," answered Tinkham, and the next day he got shore leave. Past the docks with their little stalls and shops he went, down along the shore path below the big hotels. Didn't he know the shortest way, though? He could have found it in the darkest night, that narrow path to her door, and this was morning, with the sea rippling in the sunlight and the gulls preening themselves out on the bare brown rocks at low tide. As he turned up the beaten track to the cottage, he lifted his cap and tucked it under his arm for all the world the way he had the day he went to hear her play in church. Then, finally, he stood at the green screen side door, tapping, he, Tinkham of the navy, with a year between him and a girl who had boxed his ears.

But he had full revenge. She came quickly from the inner room and saw him, and the color rose to her face as she gave a quick, indrawn little gasp and laughed to cover it.

Tinkham had rehearsed all sorts of proper speeches all the way along the road, and now he stood silent, adoring her, and all he could think to say was: "My time's up in September. I'm on shore leave today."

She gave him a chair on the little porch looking seaward, and they sat down.

"Did you think I'd come?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"Didn't you think anything at all when the ships came in? Didn't you even remember me?"

She glanced from him to the boat lying keel up down on sands.

"Yes, I remembered. Dad liked to talk to you best of the boys that came up here from the ships."

"You'll never like me 'cause I spoke to you that day, will you?" he asked hungrily. "I didn't say anything only—"

"I remember what you said." She smiled at him from under her long lashes. "It's just what all of them say to any girl."

"If I said it today it wouldn't be the same," said Tinkham doggedly. "I'd—I'd mean it. That's what I came ashore for. I didn't dare come before. I was afraid you might be married or dead maybe. I guess I've thought about you every day for a year, and when I heard about your trouble I had to come. I've only got one more month to serve then I'm going out home to see my mother and sisters. But I'm coming back. I can't get away from the sea. I like it right here. Maybe it's you that makes the island seem wonderful. I don't know, but I feel it right here."

Tinkham stopped and waited. He was not given to eloquence. Love seemed to leave him wordless and smitten with its glory. Deborah was looking past him out to sea where the warships lay, gun metal gray in the morning light on the sapphire water. The white linen collar she wore was fastened with a brooch of Mexican filigree silver.

"I'm coming back in September. If there isn't anybody else—" She shook her head quickly, and Tinkham's blue eyes sparkled. He leaned toward her eagerly, throwing his challenge to fate.

"Hello, sweetheart!" he whispered, not as he had said it that first day, but with all his heart's longing in his voice, all his life's hope in the call. "Hello, sweetheart!"

And Deborah, flushing softly, stretched out her hand to him.

"Hello, boy!" she answered. "I kind of thought you'd come ashore."—(Copyright, 1915 by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Household Hints

Tasty School Sandwiches.

Chestnut Cream Sandwiches—Peel, boil, drain and mash large chestnuts. Rub them through a sieve and mix well with sweet cream. Add a touch of salt or sugar as is liked, and spread the paste on thin slices of white bread. Put the paste on the lower slice always.

Fig Sandwiches—Soak dried figs over night in cold water to cover them and then simmer over a slow fire until tender. Add half cup sugar to each pound of figs during the cooking. Chill them thoroughly, then chop to a paste and spread on thin white bread or on thin slices of pound cake.

Marshmallow and Nut Sandwiches—Toast some fresh marshmallows and mix them in a bowl with chopped English walnuts. Cut white bread and put the paste on the lower slice.

Cream Cheese Sandwiches—Get the square cheeses and see that they are perfectly fresh. Mash in a bowl to a paste, add a little sweet cream beaten up first and teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce to every cheese; salt and paprika to taste. Spread on thin fresh graham bread. Chopped olives or shavings of pimento may be added to this filling.

Bacon Sandwiches—Wisps of breakfast bacon, delicately broiled, make the most appetizing of sandwiches, especially if put between toasted slices of graham bread with lettuce and seasoned with paprika or red pepper.

Tomato and Horseradish Sandwiches—Slice a large tomato thin and sprinkle it with salt and pepper. Mix a little bottled horseradish with a tablespoon of olive oil. Spread thin slices of lightly buttered gluten bread with the horseradish mixture and put the tomato slices between.

Mayonnaise Sandwiches — Make mayonnaise, using plenty of red pepper and lemon juice. Spread on a bit of lettuce put between fresh gluten bread. Only a little of the mayonnaise must be used, as it is likely to drip when it becomes warm.

The Table.

Cream Cheese—Half pound cheese and one tablespoon butter; run through food chopper. Fine for either table use or sandwiches. Will keep much longer than the dry cheese.

Spanish Macaroni—Cook enough macaroni in salted water so as to have one pint when cold. Cut two slices of bacon in small pieces and fry; add one or two minced onions to this, let brown, then add one small green pepper finely chopped, in this stir pint of tomatoes. When hot remove from fire. Butter baking dish, put in a layer of tomato mixture, then a thin layer of cold minced meat, then a layer of macaroni, seasoning a little. Repeat this until dish is full. Pour over this some milk and place a little butter on top; place in oven until well baked or browned.

Fried Apples—Put bacon fat in frying pan (if preferred to butter.) Cut apples in thin slices after cores and skin have been removed, put in frying pan and let cook slowly until thoroughly done. Before serving, sweeten to taste with sugar. This makes an appetizing dish and can be used in place of vegetables.

French Fried Potatoes—Pare potatoes, cut them in balls or any fancy shape. Soak in cold water one hour. Then dry on a towel. Drop quickly into fat hot enough to brown them by the time they come to the surface. They are done when they float. Skim them from fat, drain on brown paper, salt and serve at once.

Uncle Abner.

Hank Tumms says he doesn't see as the necessities of life are advancing in price much. He can get just as big a jolt for fifteen cents now as he ever could. The only trouble is the glasses have thicker bottoms.

It is hard to feel sorry for the Tired Business Man who sits in front of an electric fan all day and then rides out to his country home in a limousine.

A good many statesmen are built on the bungalow style of architecture—no attic to speak of.

International Sunday School Lesson

BY W. T. ELLIS.

A Hardy Life in a Hard Lot.

For November 14 is "Daniel in the King's Court" (World's Temperance Sunday).—Dan. Ch. 1.

A sort of patron saint for today is Daniel. The dare-to-do-and-to-defy type of manhood seems increasingly the vogue. Stalwarts are readier to stand up and be counted. "Virility" is a word in many vocabularies. The man who dares to put his foot on prevailing usages is no longer counted "queer" to the extent that he once was. "I've cut it out" may be heard any day now concerning liquor in the best circles of young men. To have something to stand up for, and even to suffer for, is a twentieth century mark for manhood.

The bilious and jaundiced-eyed folk who are sure that the world is going to the dogs are blind, blind, blind. What means this unparalleled heroism on the world's battlefields? Is it not the discovery by millions that life holds things worth dying for? The supreme goal is not to find existence pleasant, but to make it noble.

There are hosts of young men in our land who can match Daniel point for point in his dauntless devotion to ideals. Whoever says that heroism is dead has his face in a corner. Why, heroism is only coming into its own. The army that is flying the flags of great ideals is great, and growing, and conquering our time. Anybody who cannot see that there is a goodly fellowship today of the Daniel type simply is not aware of his own times.

In a Palace Prison.

"Prosperity" is the life slogan of the ignoble. That man is a bad citizen who puts "good business" above duty, honor and righteousness. If to be comfortable and prosperous were the supreme end of life, then Daniel and his three friends would have been justified in settling down complacently in the palace of Nebuchadnezzar; for they had fine food, luxurious raiment and all the comforts of a palace environment, in the capital of the world. They might have said "What matter to us the old fogey notions back in Judea, or the woes of these fellow exiles? We ourselves are personally prosperous. Is not that enough?"

The young men were in a palace, but that palace was a prison. Its luxury was heathen, sinful and enervating. To have fallen easily into its routine. "To do in Rome as the Romans do," would have been to deny their religion and their race; their homes and their God. The sumptuous food that was offered them was idol-tainted; the life was soft, sensual and wholly contrary to the standards revealed to Moses. So Daniel and his friends would have none of it.

These four belonged to that great company who have the courage and the vision to pursue a life of ideals, even amid ignoble surroundings. Doubtless, if they resembled some of us, they would have first whined a great deal about their hard lot, and then succumbed to it. The problem of these youths in ancient Babylon is a present one for myriads of men and women, whose lot lies in an atmosphere tainted with irreverence and coarseness, but who never strike the white flag of a clean life. These, like Daniel, are standing by their principles in shop and factory and office and school, where all the influences seem hostile to the development of a spiritual life.

The Coddled Rats.

As pampered Oriental favorites, these four, who were chosen to serve in the king's own presence, might have been wrapped in self-indulgence and luxury, yet they tactfully refused the proffered wines and meats. "Daniel purposed in his own heart that he would not defile himself with a portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank." He was an exile and a prisoner, yet his soul was his own. So he dared to dream. The touch of religion, back in Judea, upon his youth was bearing its natural fruit. He had both courage and the skill to plead successfully for permission to go upon a vegetarian diet.

Simple living and high thinking have always kept house together. I heard but yesterday of a man who belongs to a family of fat folk. He decided that for himself he would not grow to coarseness. So he holds himself to a rigid regime of exercise and diet. Only twice a year—at Christmas and Thanksgiving—does he eat all he would like to eat. Every day he rides fifteen miles on bicycle. The result is that he has won perfect health and a superb efficiency, as by-products of his original purpose. These results always accompany self-discipline, even as the trees which stand alone in the field, buffeted by every wind that blows, produce lumber of finer, stronger fibre than those which rise in the sheltered forests.

If Daniel had known the teachings of modern science, he could not have acted more wisely. In the University of Pennsylvania they have been experimenting with some five thousand rats, and the professor reports that the second and third generation of rodents, hand-fed and carefully nurtured in captivity, have become enervated by this coddling. The reporter of the experiments remarks that rats are chosen because their reactions are so akin to those of the human body. We scarcely need to go to the laboratory to learn that lesson. Everybody has seen how spoiled boys amount to least. The percentage of the sons of favored circumstances who come to greatness is tragically small. Those who win to worth by self-discipline are ever the ones who win other crowns. What says Browning:

"When the fight begins within himself
A man's worth something. God stoops o'er his head,
Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—
He's left, himself in the middle; the soul wakes and grows."

A Good Man to Live With.

It quite upsets some folks' notions of religion that this Hebrew quartette under rigid regimen became the best-looking and the most agreeable and the most efficient youths in the palace. According to the conventional cult they ought to have been wan from weeping, and hollow-eyed from sleepless nights of anxiety. Instead, they were palace favorites. They commended their religion and their cause by graciousness and courtesy, thus enhancing their power in every direction. No sour-visaged saints were Daniel and the three. "He sins against virtue who makes goodness unattractive." If your religion does not make you easier to live with, it certainly is not of the same stock that Daniel transplanted from Judea to Babylon.

Doubtless some of the Psalms of David resounded in the quarters of the Hebrews in Nebuchadnezzar's palace, but nobody ever heard from them any ancient versions of

"Oh, to be nothing, nothing!"

Not a bit of it! They wanted to be the best possible for God. They saw that Jehovah needs men of force and fineness to represent Him in high places. Every first-class Christian is the best advertisement of the Gospel. There are a lot of misguided folk spending time in coddling their own souls and speculating about their own spiritual condition, who ought to be out doing things worth while in the name of the living God. Religion belongs in the palace, even if it has to get there by way of the servants' quarters, as was the case with the household of Nebuchadnezzar and of Caesar.

Efficiency and Religion.

"Prove us!" cried Daniel to the master steward. That is it: religion asks no odds, and it will stand any test. Genuine gold welcomes the acid. If Christianity does not work out into efficiency, there is something wrong in the process. This is the test which the hard-headed twentieth century increasingly applies in all departments of life: Does the thing produce results. So Jesus said, "By their fruits shall ye know them."

This Daniel story falls on World's Temperance Sunday, with the whole of Christendom giving special heed to the temperance issue. Never was there such a day of temperance jubilation as this. In spite of occasional set-backs, the cause is winning all over the world. Phenomenal victories have been won for temperance in Britain, France, Germany and Russia since the war broke out. It is probably safe to say that there have been greater triumphs for temperance in the past one hundred years. The case of alcohol versus no-alcohol has almost ceased to be debatable.

One big factor is the modern argument that abstinence makes for efficiency. This is the slogan of most big business enterprises today. The deadliest blows to John Barleycorn are being dealt by the unsentimental and coldly calculating commercial spirit of the twentieth century, which has scientifically proved to itself that alcohol diminishes the efficiency of men. With Daniel, our times are learning that self-indulgence does not promote manliness or might.

United Work for the Common Cause.

Terse Comments on the Uniform Prayer Meeting Topic of the Young People's Societies—Christian Endeavor, etc.,—for November 14: "How the Denominations May Be United in Service."—Isa. 52:7, 8.

Among the dying things of our day must be classed denominational rivalry. Even as certain diseases are doomed by science to extinction, so the unseemly jealousy and strife between religious denominations, which has marred the history of the church, is certain to disappear. There is less of it every year. Men and women are coming to see the essential irreligion of it all. Christian unity, and actual Christian union move on apace. All over the world there is a new era of comity and co-operation among Christians of all names.

While these line are being written and read there is in progress throughout the United States a Laymen's Missionary compaign that is holding unprecedented meetings in one hundred different cities. In this work practically all evangelical denominations are actively co-operating. The churches present a common front for a common cause. The result is that these meetings are registering as high as five thousand delegates in a single city, and they are making a really unprecedented impression upon the public. The Laymen's Missionary movement in Canada has had quite a similar experience. This modern massing of Christian men has proved, if proof were needed, that when the churches work together they get results commensurate with their aim and spirit.

The greatness of the tasks confronting the whole Christian church in this hour is driving all the branches of the church together in a united effort to meet needs which no single denomination or organization can meet alone.

The churches have one gospel, one Christ, one heaven and one work; why, then, should they not forever sing?

"We are not divided, all one body we
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity."

The Christian activities which of recent years have made the greatest immediate impression upon the country have been interdenominational, like the Sunday school, the Young Men's Christian association, the Christian Endeavor society, the Laymen's Missionary Movement, the Men and Religion Movement, etc. This does not at all mean that their activities are more important than the quieter ones of the church, but it does mean that certain large tasks, of urgency and importance, can be accomplished only by all Christian bodies working in concert for a common goal.

According to the old saying, the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a public benefactor. That principle does not always apply to churches. Often he is the opposite of a benefactor who makes two churches grow where only one grew before—especially if they are in the same small town or neighborhood. Overchurching is one of the evils which our times are facing with fresh fearlessness. The day's cry is for co-operation, and not competition, among the churches.

So important is the unity of Christians that it may be one reason for some great calamities which have lately come upon the world, welding the churches into oneness by a common affliction. Many persons have thought that perhaps the war would do this. Now the Armenian martyrdoms, the greatest in the history of the Church universal, may drive Christians of all names into a new solidarity and realization of their essential unity. These summon us to follow in the train of the Crucified.

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?

Probably Christians will never agree on a common detailed creed; at least, they never have done so. Doctrinal dissensions have marked the long history of the Christian Church. Creeds, meant to be unifiers, have been the greatest disrupting force in Christendom. Service, on the other hand, units. A common task brings people together. Even the diverse peoples of Europe in the Middle Ages came together for the Crusades. Unity in Christian service is being illustrated every day in every city in the land. Devotion to a common task is the greatest cohesive force in the world.

Jayhawker Jots

As the Baldwin Ledger puts it: Greece may get fried out yet.

Strategic retirement is even better than neutrality, says the Ottawa Herald, in case one stumbles in on a family row.

Joe Heylmun of the Fort Scott Tribune observes that picking a goose is difficult just in proportion to the number of your acquaintances.

Consolation for bridegrooms, from the Lawrence Journal-World: It isn't so difficult for the average man to stay married after he gets used to it.

Mrs. Homer Hoch, of the Marion Record observes that the person who allows himself to fall in the little things will never be hunted for many big jobs.

Keith Clevenger, of the Osawatomie Graphic, figures it out that the chief difference between the village gossip and the wireless telephone is that one is a nuisance while the other is a wonder.

Most of the Kansas newspapers are reporting the wheat to be looking in exceptionally fine condition for this season of the year. Some are so enthusiastic as to insist that it never looked better.

What thrill does the small boy have now-a-days, asks Judge Ruppenthal in the Luray Herald, to replace the thrill that boys had a generation ago on getting their first pair of boots, either copper tipped, or with red tops, or both.

Propounded by Eugene Kelley in the Madison News: If a man will walk a couple of miles, wade around in cold water for half an hour dragging for "chubs" spend the rest of the day sitting around on the creek bank, and walk home in time to spend another half hour scraping a half-dozen little fish just before he goes to bed; why, what's the answer?

THE BLIND MOLE.

One fine day Toppy Cottontail decided to leave the safe nook near the cabbage patch and go out into the world to learn what he could of its wonders—and incidentally to see what delicious new morsel he could find to eat.

So he set out toward the meadow.

Now you mustn't think that Toppy had lived all summer so near the meadow without ever going near it—no, that was not the case. But always before, when he had gone that way, he had been too hungry to look around at mere sights; or something had frightened him before he had reached his destination; or—well every time something had happened!

"This day," Toppy assured himself, "I am going to go straight to the meadow and stay there till I learn something new—so there!"

And he did.

He went meadowward in leaps and bounds, being careful of course to keep his eyes wide open for danger and to travel near the sheltering fence.

When he had reached the far corner, he stopped in the fork of a fence rail, and looked around to see if any friend was about. And what do you suppose he saw?

He saw that the heretofore smooth and beautiful meadow was a place of bumps and furrows, that there was not a spot anywhere that was unrumpled—everywhere were the same bumps and unsightly ridges. "What in the world can have happened to this old meadow?" Toppy asked himself in a puzzled surprise; "I never saw anything like this before!"

Just then there was a soft little sound, and, before Toppy had time to jump aside or to look out for danger, a pleasant little gopher stood up straight and tall right in front of Toppy!

"Hello there, Friend Gopher," said Toppy kindly; "you gave me something of a start, appearing so suddenly that way!"

"That so?" asked the gopher. "I didn't mean to frighten you. I saw you sitting there and thought I would say 'Good morning.' Are you looking for something?"

"Yes, for information," replied Toppy. "Can you tell me what is the matter with the meadow?"

Just then there was a soft little sound

"Matter with the meadow?" asked the surprised gopher, and then he looked to see what Toppy could mean. "Oh, you speak of the ridges and bumps," he added laughingly. "Don't you know my friend, the blind mole?"

"No," replied Toppy; "does he, a blind creature, do all that?"

"Indeed he does," answered Mr. Gopher. "He digs all through the meadow. Hunts his food under the soil, and never sees the light of day."

"Then I have learned something," said Toppy in a satisfied voice; "but I would——"

Before Toppy could finish his sentence a queer, dark streak darted under the moss in front of him. But the blind mole was too quick for Toppy's sharp eyes—he kept safely under cover. Toppy had to be content with mere information.—(Copyright—Clara Ingram Judson.)